MAYBE SHE IS YOUNG

If I should say I think you fine
if you do stay, I want you to be mine
till the end of the line
I think you heart is deeper than the gold mine
I also find you kind and calm
With those beautiful eyes
These are not lies
Can you hear my cries
You make me wanna fly, I feel like im floating in the skies
And when we lock eyes , I forget about the crowed
My head is in the clouds
Would you be embarrassed if I said I like your thighs
Among many I think you one of a kind

You at a league of your own class
Sometimes fragile as a glass
So neat like new cut grass
I sometimes cant control my lust